

## Whether Common or Not

### Eve Was a Woman

Eve was a woman; 'tis safe, therefore, to say  
That Adam had his dismal moments, too;  
She doubtless kept him guessing—for that's a woman's way—  
Whenever he was in the mood to woo.

Eve was a woman; we may, therefore, suppose  
That jealousy was roused in Adam's breast;  
No doubt she hinted often about her other beau  
And answered, when he coaxed her, with a jest.

Eve was a woman; wherefore we may assume  
That she made light of Adam's earnest pleas;  
No doubt it made her happy to see him plunged in gloom  
Or to hear him humbly begging on his knees.

Eve was a woman; wherefore we may be sure  
That, having Adam safe within her snare,  
Her jealousy was often a hard thing to endure,  
Her petulant suspicion hard to bear.  
—S. E. Kiser in the Chicago Record-Herald.

### Out of the Mouth of Babes

Millard had two goats, a large one, Billy, and a young one he called Boy. His father ordered a goat wagon for him. After examining the wagon Millard thought it didn't suit as to size.

"Papa, I can't use it," he said, decidedly. "Billy wouldn't wait for it and Boy couldn't keep up with it." Helen, aged 7, was showing a visitor how fast she could run, when she suddenly stopped and said: "But I can't show my best running unless something is happening back of me." Billy, aged 5, had often heard his parents talk of the time required to digest certain articles of food. One night, wishing to defer his bedtime, he asked: "Mother, may I sit up half an hour longer to decide my supper?"—Pictorial Review.

### Pointed Paragraphs

Not every ideal lover makes a good husband.  
Luck may be merely a case of not being found out.  
But there is little marrow in the bone of contention.  
It takes a clever child to keep from saying smart things.  
Two is company, but three is a multitude when father butts in.  
Perhaps whisky really does improve with age—when it gets the chance.  
Would you try to flatter a married man by telling him that he doesn't look it?  
There would be more popular songs if some people wouldn't try to sing them.  
After dreaming they were soul mates an Ohio couple got married. May they never wake up!  
More women might be able to save money if the dry goods stores would cease having bargain sales.  
If marriages are made in heaven we refuse to hazard a guess as to the place where divorces are manufactured.  
An ordinary piano contains about a mile of wire. American genius

will yet benefit humanity by inventing a wireless piano for amateurs.—Chicago News.

### Village Philosophy

Some fellows never show up very well at home, and always a good deal worse when abroad.

A good rain in the nick of time makes a farmer feel like a newly appointed democratic postmaster.

When the title of D. D. goes to a preacher's head it is a misfit.

One can see a good many things even through a knot hole if he keeps his eyes open.

The most of us could cut down our living expenses considerably if our neighbors would do the same.

The importance of a quarrel is never measured by the noise of it.

With some men no celebration is worth while which doesn't require several days to get over the effects of it.

A former governor of one of our great states, in his Fourth of July oration, declared that, now he was out of politics and wanted nothing from the people, he could say just what he pleased; which, to a man up a tree, looks like a slam on both himself and politics, whatever way you may take it.

It is a little hard to see where a baby's good time comes in at a picnic.

The only way some folks apply wisdom is to try it on the other fellow.

A woman is as old as she looks, and sometimes considerably older.

All the world's a stage, and that is probably the reason we know so few people in their true characters.

When some folks take a day off they take a good deal on.—M. G. R., in Sioux City, Iowa, Journal.

### Striking His Trail

"Good afternoon, Johnny!" said the nice young lady visiting his mother's house in the sweet cause of charity. "Why don't you come to our Sunday-school? A lot of your little friends have joined, and we are going to have a lovely party."

Johnny shook his head. Then he suddenly exclaimed:

"Has a boy named Johnson, with red hair, joined yet?"

"Yes, dear," said the nice young lady, "and he seems to like it. He's such a good little boy!"

"Huh! Is he?" muttered Johnny. "Well, if he's there, I'll come, too. I've been looking for him for three months, and never knew where to find him before."—Chicago Journal.

### Where Time Is Lost

"Do you think we'd save much time by leaving the 'dear sir' off our letters?"

"Not much. Where time is lost is in the hesitation you feel about writing 'yours respectfully' to some people."—Washington Star.

### Enterprise

Very Young Man—"You wouldn't think it, but I've just paid \$5,000 in

cash for a house, all made by my own pluck and perseverance."

Young Lady—"Really! What business are you in?"

Very Young Man—"I'm a son-in-law."—Tit-Bits.

### A Tribute to Sir Thomas

A very rich American went to London and met an Englishman, who—strangely enough—liked him, and asked him to his house.

The Englishman was a great collector of antiques, curiosities, etc., and showed the American, among other things, a table and chair, and, pointing to them, said: "That table and that chair once belonged to Milton."

"Really!" said the American, kneeling down and reverently kissing both table and chair.

"And," continued the Englishman, "that table was the very one on which that immortal classic, 'Paradise Lost,' was written."

"What was written?" questioned the guest.

"'Paradise Lst,'" was the reply.

"Who wrote it?" again questioned the American.

"Milton," replied the host.

"Who did you say owned that table?"

"Milton," again answered the host.

"Gosh!" ejaculated the rich one, in a tone of disgust. "I thought you said Lipton."—Kansas City Star.

### Progressing

"What's the trouble now?" demanded his employer, when the office boy came in half an hour late.

"The ice on the pavements," said the lad. "Every step I took I slipped back two."

"You did, eh? Then how did you ever get here?"

"I started back home."—Judge.

### Signs That Follow

One day a teacher was having a first-grade class in physiology. She asked them if they knew that there was a burning fire in the body all of the time. One little girl spoke up and said:

"Yes'em, when it is a cold day I can see the smoke."—National Monthly.

### The American View

"So you don't approve of those London suffragettes?"

"I don't know much about them," replied Miss Cayenne; "but I can't help feeling that a woman who can't subdue a few men without the use of dynamite is something of a failure."—Washington Star.

### Ideal Statesman

"What is your notion of an ideal statesman?"

"An ideal statesman, in my opinion," replied Senator Sorghum, "is a man who knows how to keep his ears to the ground without lying down on his job."—Washington Star.

"Why do you refer to political offices as 'pie'?" asked the interested foreigner.

"Possibly," replied Miss Cayenne, "because pie is something which relieves present hunger, but invites future dyspepsia."—Washington Star.

"What are you doing for our cause?" asked a suffragette worker.

"Doing?" replied the man. "I'm supporting one of your most enthusiastic members."—Detroit Free Press.

"No man is perfect," declared the philosopher.

"True; but there is no use trying to convince a June bride—during June," remarked the cynic.—Buffalo Express.

### EXPECT GOOD FROM THEIR VISIT

Following is an Associated Press dispatch from San Francisco under date of August 7:

Sailing August 13 from Vancouver on the same ship with General Felix Diaz, special ambassador for Mexico to Japan, will be Dr. Juichi and Soyada and Tadao Kamiya, honorary secretary of the Tokio chamber of commerce, the two commissioners sent to this country by the affiliated chambers of commerce of Japan to investigate conditions surrounding the California anti-alien land act. In summarizing the report of their investigations, Dr. Kamiya said: "The general feeling toward our country, it has been found, was very cordial and the general sentiment among Japanese living on the Pacific coast was also satisfactory. There seems to be a fine degree of patience and forbearance manifest. Our people at home are also waiting for the ultimate solution with forbearance. So long as the people of the two countries keep their heads and try to understand each other there is nothing to fear.

"The recent unpleasant situation has not been without its good results. The people of Japan will know more about your people and the constitution and laws that regulate your national and international conduct and you will know more about Japan.

"We hope that the law passed recently at Sacramento never will go into effect, but if it does you may rest assured that Japan will regulate her conduct to comply, at the same time striving to enlarge the permanence of their residence here."

"It was the spirit of discrimination against the Japanese in the California law that moved us to protest," added Kamiya.

### HIS IDEA OF A GOOD JOB

Two Irishmen were comparing notes about politics, jobs, hard times and the like, when Pat O'Rourke, a third one, joined in the discussion.

"Sure and I'm satisfied with things," said Pat. "I've a pache of a job."

"Is that so?" said the others. "And what might ye be doin'?"

"I'm pulling down the Episcopal church," replied Pat, "and I'm gettin' paid for it."—Everybody's Magazine.

### THE WARLESS DAWN

He is not free who shoots his brother down,

Within whose heart is any drop of hate;

But only he is free who wears the crown

Of love for all and seeks to mend their state.

Who sends his guns into the field of blood,

Whose ships go forth with roaring shot and flame,

Is a vile slave; and not Pacific's flood

Can cleanse him of the helot's brand of shame.

Who would be free must dry those fountains up

That gush with tears from hearts oppressed by might;

Must reach unto his brother that sweet cup

Which sparkles with the wine of hope and light.

Plead not for ships wherewith to smite, for men

To die in glittering steel; that time is gone;

The Golden Age of Peace is come again;

Look eastward, lo! 'tis here, the Warless Dawn.

—John Rhuddlau in Denver News.